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Romanzoff. Very certainly Lord Walpole did little on his part to conciliate anybody. The British diplomatic service has generally been quite free from all reputation of seeking its objects by those agreeable yet artful devices which are identified with the foreign policy of Continental nations. They compensate in a measure for their superciliousness by their frankness. Be this as it may, the situation of the two commissioners sent out by the United States with some precipitation, as must be admitted, before learning the response from the other party, was not without its comic side, especially in the case of Mr. Gallatin, who suffered the additional mortification of hearing, on his arrival, that the Senate had rejected his nomination by the President. A minister without a commission, to negotiate under a mediation rejected by one of the parties, presents a spectacle altogether unique in the history of diplomacy. Luckily for Mr. Adams, all this flurry passed over his head without a moment's disturbance of his equanimity. But his narration will remain probably the only evidence of a very interesting passage in our diplomatic annals.

13. — *Ingo : The First Novel of a Series entitled Our Forefathers*. By GUSTAV FREYTAG, Author of "Debit and Credit," "The Lost Manuscript," etc. Translated from the German by MRS. MALCOLM. New York : Holt and Williams. 1873.

Ingraban : The Second Novel of a Series entitled Our Forefathers. By GUSTAV FREYTAG, Author of "Debit and Credit," "The Lost Manuscript," etc. Translated from the German by MRS. MALCOLM. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

GUSTAV FREYTAG, if we understand his Preface aright, has undertaken to reconstruct the typical German of the fourth and the eighth century very much as Cuvier would have reconstructed an extinct animal. The traditional German character, combining a taste for profound scholarly research with a certain grave imaginativeness, is admirably equipped for such a task ; and Freytag, whose previous works have established his authority both as a novelist and as an historian, has proved himself to be in an eminent degree possessed of the characteristic excellences of his race. In his early youth he wandered in the footsteps of Gutzkow and the "Young Germans," then some latent romantic tendencies came to the surface, and at last in "Debit and Credit" he broke with his own past, and clearly defined his social and artistic creed. "The novel must seek the German people where it is to be found in its strength," says Julian

Schmidt, "that is, at its labor"; and Freytag has adopted this maxim, prefixed it as a motto to his most important work. It was high time that those mild epicurean *dilettanti* of the "Wilhelm Meister" type should be, once for all, dethroned. Harmonious culture, to be sure, was a very good thing, but it was not the sole aim and object of life; it was rather itself a means to an end, and this end was labor, usefulness. The poets of the classic period had unduly extolled the easy, pleasure-loving existence of a petty nobility, whose wealth and political privileges had enabled it to cultivate the amenities of life, and to develop an external splendor quite beyond the reach of the plain, hard-working citizen. The readers of "Wilhelm Meister" will, no doubt, remember how strongly the author emphasizes the importance of an independent bearing, an aristocratic appearance, etc. Jean Paul, Immermann, and Gutzkow worship the same ideal of social perfection; and even Freytag has, in his "Waldemar," paid his homage to the same idol which in his thirty-ninth year he deliberately overthrew. In the mean while the political and social aspect of Germany had undergone great and vital changes, and what could easily be accounted for so long as the country was but an aggregate of disconnected districts, would have been altogether inexcusable in the citizen of the aspiring, wide-awake state of to-day. Goethe was undeniably justified in his complaints that the Germans were no nation, and that he, as a poet, had, properly speaking, no public; but since then five eventful decades of war and revolution have roused the people from its former lethargy, and Freytag can now safely raise his voice with the consciousness of being heard wherever the German tongue is spoken. The direct results of this national reawakening are an increased activity in public life, and a consequent increase in the demand for intellectual as well as manual labor. Whoever expects to maintain an exalted position in the society of to-day must have other things to do than to roam around the world in pursuit of culture, or to arrange private theatricals for the edification of a family of noble idlers. Thus the classes who, by dint of their labor, have become indispensable to the state, — merchants, teachers, journalists, tradesmen, etc., — are entitled to a corresponding social recognition, and the nobility, in the old sense of the word, has no longer a *raison d'être*, and must therefore cease to exist. This is, if we have judged Freytag aright, the *morale* of those of his works which have appeared since 1855. The fact that as a poet he keenly delights in the rich picturesqueness of the life which his better judgment has doomed to destruction, that he frequently lends a pathetic interest to the characters which in the end he ruthlessly strikes down, need in

no way lead us astray as to the sincerity of his convictions. Baron Rothsattel, in "Debit and Credit," is the model of a gentleman, polished, easy, and agreeable, kindly and patronizing towards his inferiors, and, in the first stage of our acquaintance with him, apparently irreproachable in conduct and character. If he had been arrogant and dissolute like Spielhagen's nobles, we should have had no reason to mourn his final downfall; but, far from it, even the lurking weaknesses of his nature, which gradually pave the way to his destruction, seem inherent in his position; they are the inevitable results of his education and early training, and we feel more inclined to throw the responsibility upon society for having made him such, than on himself for being as he is. Nevertheless, the stern law remains unchanged. Such as he is, the world has no more use for him, and the only alternative for him and his like is to descend from their high pedestals, and by labor to conquer a place for themselves or to perish. The former Rothsattel cannot do, and accordingly he does the latter. In Spielhagen we justly blame the ever-recurring inconsistency of first representing the nobles as a dissolute and worthless race, and then in the end making his hero the bastard of some aristocratic libertine. The cheapness of such a trick is too apparent to need demonstration, and to our mind it obviously weakens the effect, and is at variance with the author's professedly democratic purpose. Freytag, on the other hand, seems to regard the nobility very much as certain European sentimentalists do the North American Indians; through no fault of their own, they have become superfluous in the modern economy of the world, and the Damocles sword of Fate is suspended over their heads. Even if his view is incorrect, as possibly it may be, it involves no inconsistency.

The first novel of the present series opens with the flight of the young Vandal prince, Ingo, from a disastrous battle, in which he and his allies, the Allemanni, have been defeated by the Roman army; but during the engagement he has succeeded in slaying the standard-bearer of the enemy, and in carrying off the imperial banner. This daring deed has filled the land with his fame, and Cæsar has set a price on his head. He reaches the court of the Thuringian prince, Answald, who is a guest-friend of his father's, meets with a friendly reception, and wins the love of his host's only daughter, Irmgard. But it is contrary to the customs of the country that a chief's daughter should marry a foreigner, and moreover the maiden has already been promised to Theodulf, a relative of her mother's. On a hunting excursion Ingo and Theodulf quarrel about a wild bull, which they both claim to have slain, and to settle the dispute they

fight in single combat on an island in a neighboring stream. The Thuringian is conquered, but Ingo magnanimously spares his life. Nevertheless, his situation becomes daily more intolerable to him among the forest people, and when at length Prince Answald breaks his oath to him, he departs with a few trusty followers of his own nation, who have sought him in his exile. At the court of King Bisino new dangers await him. The beautiful queen, Gisela, conceives an unholy passion for him. Cæsar sends ambassadors to the king to demand his surrender to the Romans, and, after a stirring adventure in the queen's bedchamber, he compels her husband to permit him to depart in peace. With his Vandal friends, and a few hundred Thuringian peasants whose confidence and admiration he has gained during his residence in Answald's land, Ingo makes an independent settlement near the boundary of the Burgundian territory, carries off his beloved by night from her father's house, and lives for a year happily at his own hearth. In the mean while King Bisino has died, and Queen Gisela pays a hasty visit to Ingo, confesses her love for him, and offers him a seat at her side on the throne ; but he rejects her proposal with scorn. Gisela gathers an army. Theodulf, the unhappy wooer, and Answald, Irmgard's father, join her. They fire the hero's house, and after a desperate defence Ingo and his wife perish in the flames. But the son whom Irmgard has lately borne him is saved, and from him descends Ingraban, from whom the second novel of the series derives its name.

The intense coloring and the rugged strength of the portaits in Ingraban form an agreeable contrast to the paleness of tint and hazy monotony of its predecessor. Prince Answald and King Bisino, to be sure, have tolerably marked countenances ; but the hero, Ingo, and his virtuous bride, would have assumed a more distinct individuality to our minds, and gained a stronger hold on our affections, if we had been permitted to suspect that their characters contained a slight admixture of human imperfection.

Freytag's style never leaves anything to wish ; in "Debit and Credit" it possesses an easy grace and perspicuity seldom matched by writers of his nation. In "The Lost Manuscript," as the passions there brought into play demand a broader treatment, it gradually rises into a loftier dignity, in accordance with the requirements of the plot ; and the present simple tales of early Teutonic life display a primitive vigor and a nervous brevity of expression which would have been well worthy of Tacitus. In fact, the descriptions of the drinking-bout at the court of King Ratiz, and the game of dice on which Ingraban stakes his liberty, read very much like a chapter from the Roman historian,

while the epigrammatic pithiness of the dialogue frequently reminds one of the old Norse Sagas. And doubtless the author has drawn liberally on both these sources for his material.

Ingraban deals with that favorite problem of dramatists and romancers, the early struggle of Christianity with Paganism. However, the problem, as such, claims but a slight share of the author's attention; the relative merit of the two religions troubles him but little; he looks upon them from a strictly historical point of view, and traces with an exquisite appreciation of details the gradual changes in the modes of thought and in the manners and customs of the Thuringians under the influence of the new faith. The opening chapter records a missionary journey of Bishop Winfried (St. Boniface), the apostle of Germany, under the guidance of the heathen Ingraban. The ride through the primeval forest, the preparations for the night-camp, and the arrival at the house of the delinquent priest, Memmo, are depicted with a quiet earnestness and a certain *naïve* directness, which immediately win the heart of the reader. The little bits of exquisite landscape and *genre* painting, in which the story abounds, display, when viewed separately, an almost pre-Raphaelite severity of outline, and the pale gold-ground of remote antiquity lends to each individual picture a bolder grandeur and relief. As already intimated, the author is in perfect sympathy with the spirit of the times he has undertaken to portray; he does not speak with the voice, or judge with the critical fastidiousness of the nineteenth century. He has succeeded in viewing his characters objectively, and in projecting them bodily before our eyes. He is hale and hearty with the heathen, merry, reckless, and rough in the hall of King Ratiz and his lusty carousers, and grave, devout, and decorous when confronted with the venerable bishop. But apropos of the bishop. We left him in the gloom of Thuringian forest. His destination is the missionary outpost of the priest Memmo, whom he severely rebukes for his backslidings, scares his women away from his house, and establishes a stricter discipline. Having been informed that a number of Christian women and children have been led into captivity by Ratiz, the king of the Sorbes, he sends his nephew, Gottfried, a young monk, and Ingraban, the guide, to ransom them. Among the captives is Walburg, a Christian maiden, whom Ingraban loves, and whom, after a series of dangerous adventures, he succeeds in rescuing from thralldom and infamy. Before leaving the hostile camp, where he has lost his liberty in a game of dice, his friends set fire to the Sorbe village, and Ingraban has to flee for his life, while Gottfried conducts Walburg in safety to the Christian set-

tlement. On his return to his own country the hero insults the bishop, to whose magic he imputes the existing estrangement between him and his beloved, and finally makes an attempt on his life. In consequence of this he is made an outlaw, and takes up his abode in the forest, far from the haunts of men. Walburg, who has always secretly loved him, seeks him in his solitude, but refuses to live with him as his wife until the bishop shall have consecrated their union. Accidentally he learns that the Sorbes are contemplating an attack upon the Thuringian village to avenge the burning of their camp, and at the risk of his life he rides to the Christian chiefs, and conveys the intelligence to them. Ratiz appears with his warriors, but very opportunely a large army of the Franks arrives from the South, and the Christians are saved. Ingraban distinguishes himself in the battle, and the sentence of outlawry is repealed. He finally adopts the Christian faith, and is united to Walburg. For many years he lives in peace and prosperity, and begets sons and daughters, until he is summoned by Winfried, then Archbishop of Mayence, to accompany him on a journey to convert the heathen Frieslanders. Ingraban accepts the summons, and suffers the death of a martyr with his venerable master.

In Freytag, as the apostle of labor, we might justly expect to find vividly animated pictures of activity and strife rather than idyllic vagaries and speculations. The labor of the primitive Teutons was mainly war and the chase; the cultivation of their farms they left to their thralls. And in the present instance he dwells as fondly upon the details of attack, defence, and warlike games, as in "Debit and Credit" he carried us through the daily business routine in T. O. Schröter's office, or as in "The Lost Manuscript" he followed the profound researches of the learned professor. An author naturally labors under a disadvantage when dealing with a period long gone by, whose very strangeness removes it, if not beyond the reach of the reader's intelligence, at least beyond the horizon of his sympathies. Ingo, we confess, left us comparatively cold; the hero had too little individuality, and was too ideally perfect to enlist our heartfelt interest. But in Ingraban Freytag seems to have warmed up to his work, and the physiognomy of the stubborn, hot-headed lover, as well as the rugged beauty of the bishop's character, are sufficiently lifelike and national to touch a deeper sentiment in our breasts than that of mere curiosity. Inexpressibly touching is the silent tragedy of Gottfried's life, told rather by what is implied than by express words. The brief glimpses we get of the priest Memmo, who, when the heathen refuse to listen to him, teaches his *kyrie eleison* to the ravens, are infinitely quaint and pleasing.

We have no hesitation in heartily recommending the series to which the novels here noticed belong (and a third of which has lately appeared in German), although we are well aware that to the average American novel-reader their perusal may prove a task rather than a pleasure. To Germans, however, these tales would give great satisfaction, even if their artistic merits were far less than we have indicated. Recording, as they do, the great deeds and the characteristic virtues of his forefathers, they are sure to find a ready response in the bosom of every patriotic Teuton.

14. — *Lex Salica herausgegeben.* Von J. FR. BEHREND. *Nebst den Capitularien zur Lex Salica bearbeitet.* Von ALFRED BORETIUS. Berlin. 1874.

PROFESSOR BEHREND of the University of Greifswald had already conceived and in a broad way sketched out the plan of his new edition of the *Lex Salica* in a pamphlet written in honor of the fiftieth *Doctor Jubilæum* of his venerable master, Professor Homeyer of the Berlin University, in whose school nearly all the Germanists of the present day were formed. This plan was followed by a first instalment of the edition as it was intended to appear, comprising the Cap. I. — VIII. of the *Lex Salica*. The pamphlet appeared in 1871, and is now followed by the complete work.

The historical importance of the *Lex Salica* has been often and recently explained to the readers of this Review ; and to the numerous and increasing class of students busied with the philosophy and origin of law and society, every new fact relating to the Lex, especially the appearance of a new and improved edition, is of special interest. The editor begins by explaining in his Preface the point of view at which he places himself in order to do the work. He then furnishes a table of the relations of the various chapters with each other, according to the different manuscripts. In a second appendix he groups the different manuscripts by families. In a third he indicates in a table the relation of the different editions of the *Lex Salica* which have been published heretofore. Then follows the text itself, and the Capitularies edited by Mr. Boretius. The *Extravaganten*, the Prologues and Epilogues, the *Remissorien*, are thrown together at the end of the volume, which concludes with an index or register of words and expressions.

Before examining further the work of Professor Behrend, it may be well to explain briefly the points of view which have been taken